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A Sheaf  
of  
Roses



Elizabeth Gordon



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*A Sheaf of Roses*









*A*  
*Sheaf of Roses*  
*by*  
*Elizabeth Gordon*

*Illustrations by Frederick W. Martin*



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No 1





*This book is dedicated  
to all kindred spirits  
who love the beautiful in Nature;  
and is especially inscribed to my  
loyal friends of the Pacific  
coast.*

*Elizabeth Gordon*



## *A Sheaf of Roses*

*The rose was born of  
lovers' sighs,  
Of lovers' tears and  
sobs,  
And deep within its glowing  
heart  
The heart of true love  
throbs;  
Each rose that blooms an  
emblem is  
Of love divine and true,  
And I have made a sheaf of  
them  
To send, with love, to you.*

## *A Bunch of Roses*

*B*etter than gifts of  
gleaming gold,  
Or houses made by  
hands;

*More precious than the glowing gems*

*Men seek in distant lands;*

*Breathing of love and purity,*

*Of constant hearts and true;*

*A bunch of roses, God's own gift,*

*All wet with heaven's dew.*







## White Cherokee

An angel on her way  
to heaven,  
One perfumed, starlit  
night,  
Remembered one she'd left  
behind,  
And pausing in her  
flight,  
Looked back to earth, and  
shed a tear  
For love left all forlorn.  
Behold! Where fell that  
pearly drop  
A pure white rose was  
born.





## Cecil Bruner

Two men there were  
in olden days  
Who loved each  
other well.

To each man was the same  
fair maid  
Dearer than words  
could tell.

One kissed her hand and rode  
away,

His heart with sorrow  
fraught;

Around that cottage threshold grew  
The rose called "Friendly  
Thought."



## *Frau Karl Druski*

*A* mother heard the  
war god call  
Her well-loved  
first-born's name.

*With lips that smiled, but heart  
that bled,*

*She heard his dream of  
fame.*

*She pinned the colors on his  
breast*

*And watched him march  
away;*

*The rose they call "The Mother's  
Prayer"*

*Blossomed that fateful day.*





## White Banksia

One journeyed to a  
foreign land  
To teach the love  
of God.

The thorns of ignorance and  
strife

Beset the path he trod.

His prayer for faith and strength  
went up

To Him who hears all  
woes;

An answering sign to him was  
sent —

The sweet White Banksia  
Rose.





## Rose of Old Castile

A proud Castilian  
beauty left  
Her home in sunny  
Spain,  
And went with him who held  
her heart  
A fairer home to gain.  
To strange new lands the good  
ship sailed,  
And where she touched  
her keel  
There grew, in token of young  
love,  
The Rose of Old Castile.



## Safrano

A Spanish maid of  
high degree  
Lived in her  
patio.

Suitors she had, but none could  
touch

The maid's pure heart of  
snow.

There came a gallant from the  
wars

Who'd vanquished all his  
foes;

He won her heart, and from  
her blush

Grew the Safrano Rose.





## *Pink Cherokee*

*A* tender, yearning  
mother-soul  
Whose life had  
never known  
The blessing of a baby's heart  
Beating against her  
own,  
Found, rosy, smiling, at her  
door  
A babe of mystery;  
There bloomed the rose of  
mother love,  
The rare *Pink Cherokee*.





## Jacqueminot

A boy and girl, from  
infancy  
Playmates, good  
comrades too,  
Walked hand in hand one  
summer day  
A rare old garden through;  
A meadow lark full-throated  
sang  
His love song to the morn;  
The crimson Jacqueminot grew  
there,  
For there new love was  
born.





## Gold of Ophir

A dark-eyed Indian  
princess  
Was wooed, so  
legends say,  
By a brave and gallant soldier  
Who loved and rode  
away;  
Under the shadow of the  
hills  
Capped by eternal snows,  
She sleeps, enwrapped and  
sheltered by  
The Gold of Ophir Rose.





## Ragged Robin

A dusky baby came  
to share  
A gypsy's  
caravan,  
The dark-eyed mother loved the  
child  
As only mothers can.  
She laid him 'mongst the  
grasses, where  
The south wind softly blows;  
Love's angel sent to mark the  
spot  
The Ragged Robin Rose.



## *Killarney*

*A* *bonnie Irish lassie*  
*Followed her*  
*sweetheart true*  
*To distant shores,*  
*where homesick tears*  
*Bedimmed her eyes of blue;*  
*The Little People heard her*  
*plaint,*  
*And pitying her woes,*  
*They planted as a sweet surprise*  
*The pink Killarney Rose.*





*Marie Van Houte*

*U*pon a cactus-covered  
hill  
Facing the ocean  
blue,  
A shining cross was raised aloft  
By one whose heart was  
true;  
The seeds of faith he scattered  
where  
The western sunset glows,  
Took root and grew, and  
blossomed in  
The Crucifixion Rose.





# American Beauty

Where great ambitions  
swirl around  
A teeming,  
toiling mart,  
A gray-haired gardener worked  
and hoped,  
Love's fair dream in his  
heart;  
The vision bright he cherished,  
till  
With velvet leaves uncurled,  
A perfect rose rewarded him —  
Love's gift to all the world.



## The Rainbow Rose

The rainbow, on a  
summer day,  
Glowing against the  
sky,  
Was filled with pity as it heard  
A hapless lover's sigh;  
A shower of sympathy it sent  
To compass him around.  
Where fell those drops of kindly  
balm  
The Rainbow Rose was  
found.





## *Sweet Brier Rose*

*Some love the spot where  
lilies fling  
Their subtly sweet  
perfume;*

*Some love the languorous lotus,  
with*

*Its oriental bloom;*

*But drifting downward through  
the years,*

*My loyal memory goes  
To where my childhood's  
treasure lives—*

*The wild Sweet Brier Rose.*





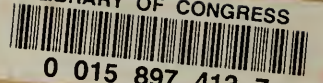








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